

about a crush by onl_you

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Summary:

“that cashier is staring at you.” stan whispers in your ear, catching every losers’ attentions. “is it your crush?”

1. about a crush

Author's Note:

Tumblr request : “23. That cashier is staring at you.”
With the main group?

You love your best friends. You really do. They're your family when your own parents aren't and nothing will ever break the bond that only tighten during that particular summer a few years ago. But when you have the bad idea to have a cute crush on a random guy you meet every now and then at the grocery store - you hate them for transforming this stupid crush into the most important crushing news of the century. It went to the usual non-stop teasing to the big tears and 'you're gonna leave us' hugs. Neither were easier to handle, really.

“Well, Y/N.” Beverly giggles as she automatically locks her arm in yours as all the club walk down the street. “Fancy seeing you here!” She wiggles her eyebrows as you roll your eyes, starting to grow tired of their constant teasing for the past days. “You did something to your hair?” She asks, passing her hand through your hair as you gently push her away.

“I didn't!” You laugh as you scold her, her arm tightening her hold on your arm. “Now stop, I don't even know why you're all here. My mom only needed me to go to the store. You could have stayed at the house.”

“That is true my dear,” Richie starts in his British accent, getting on your other side to put his elbow on your shoulder. “But we shall accompagn our damesel to store to admire the object of her dirtiest fanta- Fuck!” His speech getting stopped by Eddie's slap on the head.

“Shut up, Trashmouth!” He sighs at his friend turn of words before turning to you, an embarrassed smile on his face. “What he means is, we're just making sure you get there safe - plus we can help you with the bags!”

“And finally meeting your crush.” Mike ends, a teasing tone in his

voice.

You roll your eyes one more time, ignoring as everyone starts to laugh along, Richie, Eddie and Mike almost running to the store when it finally comes into view. "I'm sure it's the new guy!" They fight to pass the doors first - stumbling inside while the rest of you finally reach the doors.

"You're ne-nervous?" Bill teases as he opens the door for you and Beverly still stuck to your side.

"You wish, Denbrough." You chuckle back, trying hard not to blush as you notice your crush in the back of the store from the corner of your eyes. You force yourself not to stare and go along the aisles - ignoring the excited trio still running around to find 'the new guy who stole your best friend's heart'. You wish you could deny the statement but you're scared your cheeks would deceive you on this.

With the help of Stan and Bill, you find everything on your mom's list, dismissing each items Beverly and Ben begged for with puppy eyes and waving off Richie and his condoms. You grab the last item with a sigh, wondering why at the age of seventeen, you felt like you were a single mother of seven kids on main but hide a smile of how happy you still were with all the idiots around. Your idiots. The best idiots you could have asked for. Putting the article in the little cart, you cross the word on your list and look up as your feel a hand on your shoulder, finding Stan's frowned eyes.

"That cashier is staring at you." Stan whispers in your ear, catching every losers' attentions. "Is it your crush?" He asks, letting his hand fall on your arm as you turn to look at the person. Everyone waits for an answer as you finally catch the sight of the said cashier but you don't have to say a word as your red cheeks talk for you. They all start to gather around you, trying to peck from behind the shelf the cashier, a mess of teenagers being not so discreet. "Not everyone at once! Seriously-" The noodle haired boy starts to scold his friends before Richie falls down. You try to quickly stand him up with Stan's help before the stranger notices you but the Trashmouth starts waving at him.

"Hey! Hey, you! Yes, you! Do you know Y/N?!" He says as he grabs

your hand, pulling you closer to him to crash you against his chest as the cashier looks totally confused, shaking his head shyly. "She's my girlfriend! Pretty, isn't she?" You start to blush even more, now angry as you punch his shoulder.

"What the hell, Rich'!? I'm not! I'm not!" You repeat nervously as you turn to the now amused worker, nodding along as to reassure you - a cute smile facing you. "Alright, Y/N." He assures you, making you stutter as you hear your name in his voice for the first time.

But unknown to you, Richie is pretty hurt by your reaction. Unknown to you and the whole group, they all are. But they can't really tell why, can they? It's just because you, one of their best friends is threatened to be hide away from them. That's always how it went when someone got into a relationship - they forgot their friends, right? They were just being careful in a clumsy way to make sure you won't leave them, right? They were just jealous you gave your love and attention to someone else, right? That's all. That's how they each convince themselves individually before pushing you to the counter, eager to finish it as quickly as possible.

You try not to notice their weird behavior as your crush scan your items, carefully placing them in bags. You try to avoid noticing the way Beverly locks her arm even more closer with yours, hiding her face in your shoulder. The way Stan stands closer behind your back and how colder is his stare to the stranger. The way Richie try to joke about the guy, almost denigrating him. The way Mike tries to take as much as bags as he can, as if to impress. The way Eddie lists all the unhealthy moves the cashier makes. The way Bill seems to stutter even more, like when you were younger. The way Ben tries to pay for the all thing - even almost fighting for it.

You find all of their reactions really strange and thus, have trouble not worrying over them, wondering what's going on when your crush is right there in front of you. But as Mike and Bill finishing fighting for who can hold the most bags, your heart skips a bit as the cashier calls for you on your way out. "Umm, Y/N?" He asks, shyly.

Nearing the door, the losers frown, watching as you talk with the cashier from afar. You giggle, he does too and all of a sudden he's handing you a small piece of paper and you give him one of your

sweetest smile - the one who warms anyone's heart on a bad day. And all losers feel the pang of jealousy burning their hearts.

"What did he give you?" Stan is the one to manage to ask after you all leave out of the store. "His number." You answer with a smile, putting the paper in your back pocket, smiling at your friend - annoying him as your smile always makes him smile too.

"That's.. Cool!" Ben eventually says, trying to cheer up the mood.

"Yeah, it is. Is it to suck his dick or-" Richie can't even finish as you slap his shoulder.

"Hey, don't be crude, Tozier! I'm not gonna suck his dick." You state, catching Richie's laugh - why did he seem so relieved? - and gasp as he leans forward to you.

"Would you suck mine?" He retorts with a smirk and it's Beverly this time who intervenes.

"You would take anyone to suck your dick, leave my precious Y/N out of your filthy dreams!" She says, putting her arm around your neck and pulling you away from the laughing Trashmouth.

"They're always the best when she's there!" He laughs before Bill catches up and reaches your side.

"You-you're gonna see him aguh-again?" Your leader wonders outloud, a worried look on his face behind the bags in his arms.

You take notice of the silence and everyone's concerned face as they all wait for your answer. You look at them all, one by one, before smiling to yourself and turning to Bill. "I don't know Big Bill. I mean, we already got tons of plans, I don't really know if I'd like to spend time trying to know another loser when all my favorites are right here?" It seems to relieve them all as they laugh and agree.

You all joke and mess around until you finally reach your home, Bill and Mike getting praised for carrying all the groceries by themselves and letting them all stay for a sleepover as your parents take the night out. You all end up in the living room, couches being replaced by blankets to use as mattresses all around on the floor, bowls of

snacks, homemade cookies and popcorn surrounding you as you fall asleep in front of the fourth movie of the night, everyone on each other.

Looking at all the sleepy heads, you smile to yourself, slowly crawling away from Beverly and Eddie to reach the kitchen, quietly pouring you a glass of water.

Yeah, you adore your friends, you think. Sometimes they could be weird, they could be annoying, they could be underabable but in the end - they were your family. You won't trade them for anything in the world and no crushes would ever change that. You shake your head with a smile, putting down the glass in the sink and turn at the sound of a sleep voice behind you. "Y/N?"

2. about big bill's crush

Summary for the Chapter:

special ending: bill version!

Notes for the Chapter:

i'm really tired so it's probably bad, doesn't make sense or both. enjoy!

“Y/N?” Bill’s soft voice makes you jump and he curses himself, waving off the sleep of his eyes as he lifts his hand in front of him. “S-sorry! I didn’t me-mean to scare you!” Your chuckle as you shake your head struck his breath inside of his chest. “It’s okay, I just didn’t expect anyone to be up by now!” Your smile is contagious as he feels his own lips turn upward. “What are you doing up, Bill? Did you have a nightmare?” Your voice becomes worried as you walk toward him, grabbing his hand out of habit - making him lean in unconsciously. Can you be any more perfect, he never stop to wonder? How can you be so sweet and compassionate, so kind and understanding? Sometimes he’s sure you’re not real and just a perfect illusion of his imagination.

When he met you, you both were still kids - building sandcastles by the quarry after you saved him from an encounter with Bowers. He remembers how you jumped on him out of nowhere and helped him hide until the bully was away before introducing yourself to him. He remembers the sweet scent of your hair as you both hide and how your skin was soft when you shook hands, acting like adults before laughing off and spending the rest of the afternoon playing. You were just kids and still, it felt like yesterday. You never left his side since then and he’s never been more thankful. Every step of the way, you stuck in his life : through the violence from Bowers, the death of Georgie, his stuttering therapies, his breakdowns, his parents.. You were best friends, for the worse and for the better.

And Bill wants to trust this promise you made when you were seven, he really does - but as the days pass and the years, he knows he can’t lie to himself. Richie is his best friend, Eddie is his best friend, all the

losers are. But you? You're more than just a best friend to him. So much more - and he can't even tell you that. Now you're almost adults and he lives from the light in your eyes, the chuckles of your voice and the loveliness of your soul. He wants to tell you you're the reason why he fought so much and never gave up - he just wants to tell you that for more than a decade - he's been hopelessly and desperately in love with you.

But instead, he just chuckles and says, "No, I just woke up and wonder where you were." He praises himself for not stuttering. He's not lying - not really. He really woke up at the lack of warmth near him, and was scared for a second you disappeared or worse - just never existed and will never be found out of mind. The details are for him only, he doesn't need to share them with you. He's content with the comfort of the hand holding his and the soft whisper melting his heart.

"I was just thirsty - I think I ate too much popcorn. Should have went against Richie's stupid contest." Bill laughs at the memory of the competition a few hours earlier - how you beat your friend square and straight by one popcorn.

"T-that was a pretty fight. 58 over 57? They will still talk about this in cen-centuries." His praise and joke make you wave him off, gently punching his chest and he can only laugh at your adorable smile.

"Hey, stop gazing and write my book about how awesome I am, how I, the one and only, beat the Tozier terror on a spooky night surrounded by my crew." Your speech voice makes him chuckle even more and it's rolling eyes you both jump on the kitchen counter to share some lost candies.

He plays with some licorice sweets as the silence takes place between you, wondering if his dark thoughts about your journey at the store will stop bothering him. He did not like the look of the stranger on you - he hated it in fact. He still does. Remembering the blush on your face as the stupid eyes of that cashier turned to you, it filled him with jealousy. It might be stupid but Bill estimated he knew enough to know who were good for you. Even he wasn't good enough. He was barely a lucky pile of dirt on the floor able to see your smile everyday - he'd gladly admit those days when he was responsible for

this sight from heaven, those were the best days of his life. But you? With him? No. You deserved better than a wanna-be writer with parental and self loathing issues. You deserved someone as shiny as you - that's the word, shiny. You were shining on him. You were his sun, his only source of true happiness and hope.

He hoped for a better world and life for you. And even if he won't tell you everything weighting on his heart, the thought that each day he helps you get closer to your dreams and own hopes was enough to send him through the sky.

"Bill?" His head lifts to encounter those beautiful pearls letting you see the world and smiles in response. "You're awfully silent. More than usual. Something's on your mind?"

He bits on the sweet between his lips, gaining time to think of an answer. "I'm just.. Thinking."

"Oh no," You chuckle. "That means I'm three hours late in the overthinking nightmare route of Mr.Denbrough's mind!" Your laugh is sweet but Bill's heart pinches at the worry hidden behind. Damn, he had to worry you.

"It's nothing, really-"

"Hey. If you think about it, it's not nothing. Tell me."

His eyes try to look for an excuse, an escape but his tired heart only makes him sigh and mess with his hair. "I.. Are you gonna see him again?"

You look confused and he notices you need some seconds to understand who he's talking about. "The cashier?" You still asks and lean back when he nods. "Bill.." Your voice stop as well as his heart, looking for words. He already knows that whatever you're about to tell him is gonna hurt. Isn't it? It must be. Are you finally tired of him? Are you too going to stop talking to him and leave him alone and cold without a spared word or look?

"Why, are you upset I might see him again?"

The silence is heavy. He did not excepted the backfire but could he

really blame you? He's been questioning you about it ever since you all came back from the store. He tried being smooth and unbothered about it but he wished to be a writer - not an actor..

Was that it? Was it time already? He closes his eyes.

Eventually, everything comes to an end.

"I am." His answer surprises you, he can see it from the corner of his eyes even if he can't bring himself to look up from the candy bowl. "I really am."

His throat is dry and it hurts to force himself to swallow - but it's not as painful as his shattering heart and the burn of your hand leaving his arm.

"I wished you'd rather spend time with us - with me. I wished you'd look at me like you look at him. I wish you'd talk with me for hours and don't see time fly. I wish you'd stay here in Derry rather than leaving for your college. I wish you would stay with me. I wish you wouldn't make me feel at home whenever you're around. I wish you'd care like I care. I am upset you look at every opportunity to look at someone you don't know and might be an utter asshole. I am upset I look at you that way and you don't. I'm upset that I'm not good enough for you to look at me that way. I'm-" He takes a sharp breath though is quick and deformed monologue, hiding his face in his hands to avoid his teary eyes to meet yours. Surely full of disgust. Or worse, pity. You're too kind to be disgusted but far too compassionate to pity him He can hear pity from here, singing to everyone willing to listen, look at him, being all in for the best thing that ever happened to him, so desperate for love and consideration that he guilt trips anyone daring to spare him their attention.

"I am upset I love you."

He feels his whole body, soul - being, tearing itself apart as the words escape his lips. There, he killed it. There went the warmth of his life. He'll have to play the "it's okay you rejected me" friend, and history proved he's not the best liar around.

But he will if it helps you. What wouldn't he do? You could tell him

to go back in the sewers to kill a demon clown again, he would, running and smiling.

He was too far gone in his adoration to fight it anymore. He tried many times and never it worked. He just has to go with this new side of painful tender love he held for you.

“Oh, Bill!” The slight shake from his arm makes him jolt back - surprising you too leading you both to jump and fall from the counter. He immediately raised his hands to soften your inevitable fall and ends up with you laid on his chest.

“Are you okay?” He can't help but asks, slightly panicked as you start laughing, getting up and staying there between his legs, holding your stomach from your happy crying - leaving him confused. “Y/N-”

“Jesus, Bill, you're awesome, you know that?” Confusion hits Bill's face even harder - his swelling heart hurting somewhere in the back. Your chuckles eventually calm down but your amused eyes stay in his, a huge smile on your face. “You didn't hear a thing about what I said, did you?” Bill's heart throbs at your warm aura, so close - too close to him - only letting him shake his head.

“While you were probably beating yourself up, I told you something very important.” Your serious tone makes him step back. Did you already rejected him and he had to hear it again? What kind of mean spirit were you-

All his thoughts stop. Before he could throw himself inside another battle against his own mind, a pair of the sweetest lips meet his. It's as confusing and overwhelming as every first kisses are but you don't seem to mind his silence as you step back - taking advantage of it to make sure he is still with you before smiling lovingly.

“I like you too, dummy. Guess you were too occupied thinking worst case scenarios and listening to the voices I told you to get lost to notice I pretty much were really upset too. So upset I was starting to try and look away. But I'm glad you got upset, in a way. It might have been too late, right?”

Bill doesn't know what to say and rather than using words, for once, he gets up and holds you. You were right. You always were. It was even you who told him: everything ends eventually. People get lost, people get hurt but eventually they all found their way, they heal. Sometimes a smile changes a life, a misery becomes a won fight, a dream turns into reality and sometimes, just sometimes, luck helps enough to push friendships into a much deeper bonds. Bonds supporting you your own life - and like life, those bonds are the last to end, not without a last goodbye.

3. about the trashmouth's crush

Richie turns around the table and grabs your glass to drink from it, not minding your roll of eyes and amused eyes. "You know that's disgusting, right?" He rolls his eyes at her sweet voice - way too sweet for someone who just woke up in the middle of the night. Shouldn't you look ugly and funny, hair all over the place and sleepy eyes doing everything else that making him blush like a damn teenager?

"Oh please, we already got one Eddie, we don't need another." He groans as he finishes the water and puts the cup in the sink - he still didn't want to abuse your kindness in case you really were annoyed. It was something that bothered him ever since he knew you. He could never figure out when he indeed crossed the line. Sometimes you followed along with his jokes and sometimes, your silence or disapproving look made him want to crawl inside a wall and be consumed by his shame. It was no news for anyone close and knowing him - he had more than abandonment issues but those were heavy and impossible to breathe through when his friends, when you, didn't give him right away the reassurance he needed. That's it - he was needy.

Which complicated even more his relationship with you. How could one have a crush on one of his best friends and dared to hope she reciprocated his feelings? Looking down on his hands, he sighs. Of course you wouldn't. Why would you like a loser like him? He was loserist loser - why would you crush on him when they were Bills, Stans, Mikes or even this cashier out there? They were nice, calm, and more than able to take care of you and make you feel loved. A guy like him with all kind of issues was more of a burden than anything close to a boyfriend - a constant reminder of why being single isn't so bad after all. He knew he would screw up your relationship even before it started - of course he knew, he thought of it all the way possible.

Should he add overthinking on the long list of the cons of 'the dating Trashmouth'?

"Yo, Trashmouth!" Your giggles bring him back to Earth, noticing

you both made your way to the porch and sat down the stairs in the chill night. Something you took the habit of through the years of Richie running to your house to escape his own. Wasn't it a big red old flag of his clinginess? It maybe was - it probably was. But you never said anything about it, and it never crossed his mind. The feeling of acceptance and joy he gets whenever he's around you never takes long to numb all his other negative thoughts.

"What, you finally agreed to become the luckiest girl of Derry and sleep with me?" He jokes, his arms hugging himself through the cold balancing him towards you to shake your shoulders together.

"Maybe I was." Your serious tone makes him turn his head so fast he thinks he might broke his neck. His cheeks quickly turn red to your starry eyes and his mouth stuttering prevent him to see the smile forming on your face.

"It was- It's a joke, you don't-" Your laugh once more cut him but he would be lying if he said his heart didn't lighten and butterflies flew in his belly. Damn, did those cheesy books Ben made him read had an impact on him?

"I know it was, Rich! Calm down, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you!" Your chuckles continue, running through the empty neighborhood and Richie starts laughing too. "I mean, I can't do that twice in a day." Your teasing makes him scoff.

"What do you mean twice? You never embarrassed me once!" He tries to man up, pumping his chest and looking away - maybe the moon, this damn night light that makes you look even more heavenly than any other can.

"How about the time I beat you at Street Fighter after our SATs?" This brings a silence between you, one quickly break by your joined laugh and Richie's mere explanation.

"Listen, I need to be honest, I let you win that day, you were bummed down enough." And in a way, he meant what he said; he saw how stressed you were. This year was hard enough on all the losers knowing it were surely the last year they'll spend together, and now that summer was coming fast - it was a question of months if not

weeks. But Richie tries to forget about it as he recalls the scene where to make you leave your room, he clung on to you til you stop crying about your unknown results and agreed to join him outside.

It was a rough day for all but knowing that he brought you some comfort through your anxiety and need of help that day and you choose to spend it with him of all people - it was enough to make him feel like the luckiest man in the universe. Richie was a man of simple needs and a day with you, at the arcade or not, was enough for him to have a good day.

Even if some of those, jealousy devoured him like a fire. Like today.

“Sure you did,” You shake your head and hug yourself. “You just weren’t too focused on shorts short of the girl next to you.”

Richie doesn’t notice your pout or how your voice dropped and it’s even more clueless that the words escape him. “Who? I could only see you.”

Wind blows on the street, messing with both of your hair and the leaves of the closest plants. It does not heat down the heat of your cheeks - or Richie’s - and you’re both scared to break the silence. But eventually, Richie’s mind on the verge of explosion takes control of the babbling mouth. “I mean, you were annoying and all and you were jumping everywhere, it was hard to follow, you even probably cheated and-”

“Richard.” You rarely used his full name except during serious times. Shit, was it one of those? He was not ready to face serious Y/N- “Take a deep breath. It’s okay. Breathe.” He looks panicked but doesn’t hesitate before listening. Following your help to find a regular breathing once again, your hand guiding his shaky heart. “Alright. It’s okay, Rich. It’s okay.” You repeat and he nods, unable to talk - too scared of what he could say.

Instead, you just put your hand on his neck and lean him in a hug. Closing his eyes once his chin hits your shoulder. He lets a shaky breath out. His arms cling around your waist as your fingers play with his hair and for a second, his heart drops in his chest. Was he really understanding your silence or was he imagining things again?

Should he get his hopes high? Or not? What should he do? He bits his lips. "Y/N, you-"

"I know, Richie." Your voice sings in his ear and he swears it's the song of an angel. "I get it, now." The caress on his head is soft and so comforting, did you always had this much grace and apasing aura? He swears, everyday he finds more reasons to be fond of you.

"I'm not sure you do." He manages to force out, ready to be hurt but the lips softly press against his forehead makes him go ever deeper in your embrace.

"I do. You know, you talk a lot and it takes time to differentiate what's real or not but once I get it, I do." You chuckle and he finds his arms growing more tense - how is he not strangling you?

"Really? You got like a Tozier translator?" He jokes as he always does, his mind reaching a peace he barely knew he could access to - to which you scoff and gently hits his shoulder.

"Of course I do. It's like a second language now! I've mastered it through the years, I'm offended you only notice it now." He slowly stands back and frowns with an amused smile.

"I'm offended you're so bad at it I didn't noticed." Your eyes roll for the second time this night and he can only admire that you're still here after all the years to still be amused by his teasing and humor and roll eyes.

"I guess in Tozier language it'd be; I'll gladly suck your dick." Richie looks at you for a long moment, trying to find any reasons of your lies for his negative heart to hurt but the peaceful wordless exchange between you lock the untold truth - only you're intertwining hands giving a proof of what's happening to the world.

"I mean, I can't really blame you, I would too suck my dick if I could-Oww! Hey, that's not nice to slap your boyfriend!" He pouts as he strokes dramatically the back of his head and tries to wave off the happiness overwhelming his heart as you lay your head on his shoulder.

“Are you now?” Your voice teases, your hand tight in his.

“Sadly for you ma gurl, I am now,” He says in one of his voice, making you giggle - is his heart swelling? “Once you suck this dick, it’s a long time thing. Kind of like herpes- Oww! Okay, okay, I’ll stop the metaphors!”

4. about bev's crush

“Oh hey, Bev. What’s up?” You smile as the redhead girl quickly makes her way to you, locking her arms around your left one as she took the habit of through the years. Ever since her aunt came back with her in Derry so she could do her high school years with all of you, she’s been more confident and at ease with herself. And even more around you, you noticed. Not that you’re complaining, you missed your friend and you’re happy she’s okay but thinking of those few years together doesn’t end the pain of having to go different ways again in a few weeks from now.

But as you all decided, the upcoming departure you’ll all take from Derry is a taboo subject and shall not be discussed until the day before. You have to enjoy your, most likely, last moments together.

“I’m so tired,” She complains, her cheek tight against your shoulder and you pat her linked hands before leading her back to the living room- improvised bedroom.

“Well let’s go to sleep!” You chuckle as you watch your friends sleeping all over the place and help Beverly make some room on a mattress and steal a blanket from Stan’s collections. Beverly sneaks up to your side as soon as you’re laid next to her. Closing your eyes to join your little family to dreamland, the redhead whispers under her breath.

“Hey, Y/N,” She calls softly, turning her head after you hum. “Can we meet at the Quarry tomorrow?”

“Sure. We’ll tell the others-”

“No!” She cuts you quickly before hiding her mouth behind the blanket. “Just.. Us. I need to tell you something.” You stare at her fang hiding her eyes but eventually answer, bringing out a relieved sigh from her.

“Of course, Bev. Let’s meet at 4.”

And thus is how Beverly ends up at the Quarry, waiting nervously.

She is no fool, what she is about to do was decided for months now. During her stay at her aunt's, she healed over her past and abuses and learned how to move on with it and after convincing her beloved aunt to come back to her hometown, she was delighted to meet with her friends again. With you. And the feelings she had hidden all the years were now thinking of a plan of how to confess, until the years were soon over and she was left with no time to think and only her heart to speak. What could go wrong?

"You can't go back now, Marsh," She pep talks herself. "You're the best! And Y/N's gonna be your girl because she deserves all the love in the world - and you're her best friend. No matter how this ends - you've got her back till the end."

She stops in her steps, nodding at her own speech, her hands tight around a flower she found on her way here. She needed to be strong as she always was. But weirdly, this seemed to be the most frightening and exciting thing to do at the same time.

"Hey, Bev, you're early!" She jumps and turns around, watching you make her way to her, whipping the dust out of your clothes as you continue to rant. "Or I'm late? Aww, I'm sorry. They was Greta and her henchmen, had to run all the way here and then I feel and then.. Are we here to gather flowers?"

She stares at you, mouth wide open and throat dry, as you look confused at her flower. "I.." She clears her throat, takes a deep breath and walks to you. She stops right in front of you. "It's for you."

Your confusion visually deepens but you take it nonetheless, your cheeks heating a bit at the attention. "Oh, it's.. Thank you? I'm.. I'm sorry, I'm just confused?" You manage to say and she smiles, finding some confidence.

"Well," She starts, her hands linked behind her back as she forces herself to look at you in the eyes. "I love you, Y/N. I'm confessing. Why's the flower. It's a gift. Since we might once more go different ways soon, I wanted you to know. You might even forget about it when we'll be separated but it doesn't mean it's not true or real. I just am really in love with you, Y/N. Whatever you choose what to say next, I'll always be by your side and happy and content with it." She

smiles, happy with her confession. “So.. What do you say?”

5. about stan the man's crush

Stan tilts his head and frowns. "What are you doing?" He asks softly and watches you finish your water before leaving the glass on the counter.

"I couldn't sleep." You answer tiredly and he smiles when you start yawning. Yawning back, he extends his hand to you and leads you back to sleep with your friends. Laying down and watching you join Morpheus warms his heart, your fluttering eyes eventually closing for the night and holding your pillow tight against your chest. He could be saddened by the disappearance of the two most beautiful crystals in his world but after so many afternoons to watch you, giggling and hiding those beauties behind binoculars - he learnt to know every shade, every spark, every wave of happiness, sadness or anger in them so this way, he'll cherish those memories when the night comes. He probably spent more time admiring them than the birds he says during your bird sights 'friendly' walks. Maybe not so friendly on his side, but he was fine with it.

Your head gently laying on his forearm reminds him every contacts and opportunities he can share and live with you are worth everything, no matter if your pearls see him as a friend rather than a lover. He's just happy to be able to admire them daily and be subject to them. And even though he'll fake to be annoyed at how he can't feel his hand later, he appreciates the view of your beautiful face relaxed and comforted by warmth and support he provides you.

Closing his own eyes, a smile comes to his lips as his imagination prepares another fantastic dream where it's just you and him, your beautiful eyes in his and soft birds sing in the background. Pretty much a replicate of your lonely adventures in the forest only this time your hand is tight in his.

And as he joins himself the lands of dream, he doesn't feel your hand creeping in his neither does the feeling of your head hiding on his shoulder - only your scent and warmth keeps him safe and happy and you both promise each other without knowing that you'll never leave the other's side.

No matter how many miles, silly crushes and fate's plans would break the bond between the two of you.

6. about mike's crush

Mike giggles as you almost choke on your water while running to you and gently tapping your back. "Easy, tiger, you're gonna hurt yourself." He says softly, a smile still on his lips, as always around you. You seem distracted but he doesn't say anything, trusting you to tell him if anything was bothering you and held his arm to you to lead you back to the living room.

"I'm not really tired.." You whisper with a pout and he shakes his head, grabbing the remote to start the TV. Volume down, you both sit in front of it, trying to pass time as your friends snore in the background. Close to him, Mike has trouble focusing on the images. Your warmth and sweet laughs at the plot of this show you adore passing on screen make him all giddy inside. Can you be anything but adorable?

He stopped questioning your perfection a long time ago - this adoration he had for you for so long, strong and undeniable. Sure, your attraction turned some heads -could he really blamed them?- and apparently, a certain cashier's attracted yours. It hurt, of course, but he got it. You still blessed him with your smile every day.

And slowly, Mike relaxes. Getting involved in your show, he crosses his legs and stays up on his hands behind his back. It's with his cheeks burning that he notices a few minutes later how close you got, your head laying on his shoulder and your arm shyly around his until your hands finally lock together..

Is that it? Is this a dream? Could he really be there, laying with you, holding your hand and watching a movie like it's the most basic thing? It's probably why it feels like his heart is going bomb out out of his chest and he gets that stupid smile on his face. He should stop, he might get too used to it.

But at the same it, it seems so normal, feels so.. Right?

His smile eases up and his head gently lay on yours. If this is all a dream of his loving mind, he should at least enjoy it. Holding your hand tight, he closes his eyes. He slowly falls asleep, sliding down

your shoulder, arm until he falls on your laps - jolting up in surprised, your soft hand stroking his hair calms him and he stays down.

The comfort and love his heart feels slowly put him at ease again and it's smiling he falls asleep, your other hand still locks with his. Tomorrow, he thinks. Tomorrow, he'll tell you about his feelings. But for now, you just enjoy this time together - an unspeakable truth being told in your closeness. Not everything needs to be told right away, right? Sometimes, taking things slow can let the prettiest things bloom on their own.

7. about eddie's crush

“You know, you could get germs through the sink’s water and get an infection just by drinking and-” Your laugh cuts him and Eddie blushes. He tries to hide it through a pout but your hands pinching his cheeks worsen his reddened face.

“Don’t worry about me, I’ll be fine!” You smile at him and he swears his heart misses a beat. Your loving and sweet attitude towards him always mess with his chest and mind and frankly, if his mother knew all about it, she’ll probably tell him how you’re the worst disease he even encounters.

“Tell that those all the bacterias in your mouth. Did you know they’re more germs in your mouth than on a toilet seat?” He says, shivering.

“Eddie, that’s gross! Are you comparing me to a shit hole?” You laugh but he feels terribly embarrassed by this unwanted comparison but no matter how much he tries, only pieces of stuttered apologies and denying escape his dry throat. Eventually you wave him off, your beautiful smile still on your face and your voice soothing. “I’m joking Eddie, calm down. It’s okay. I promise I won’t kiss you and give you all my germs!” You laugh it off but he’s surprised to be disappointed by your statement.

Not that he wants your germs, he’s fine far from them, but the thought of associating germs and kissing you bother him to an extent he did excepted.

Maybe it was because you were the only one trying your best to help him through his panics and follows his paranoid germs habits to make him feel less alone, more understood - just make him feel better. Maybe you had this super power of always making sure he’ll feel alright no matter the circumstances. Of course, you still teased him here and now but only you truly took the time to make sure you carry a second inhaler on you in case he lost his one, only you would leave a disinfectant around your desk for when he’ll come around, only you would help him clean the dirt of his clothes after a rough play at the Quarry.. All those little details and more couldn’t help but make him fall more and more in love with you.

And thus, he discovers his usual worry for his friends' multiple when it came to you. Did you notice how he make sure your hands are always clean and you're not covered in germs for to long - forcing you at the Quarry to jump in the water when his nerves were on the verge of exploding? He sure hoped not.

But now, with your crush on this damn cashier - whose hygienic habits were to faint to - he really wished you noticed how he tried to make you safe and sound. Not that he could tell you straight, "Y/N, I'm in love with you, please stop your crush on this dirty stranger and notice me, please, I could make you really happy, you know?". No, it would be silly, he thinks shaking his head before seeing your shocked wide eyes. He frowns, confused before shock takes upon him too. Oh, no? Did he think out loud?

"Eddie.." Your voice start and he feels his muscles tensing to the point where it hurts. Here goes the rejection and disgust. Maybe his Ma would have been right - you're a disease. A slow, overtaking and paralysing one - one you can only surrender yourself too. But as he sees you blush and your smile forming on your face, he feels that maybe, it's not so bad.

Maybe love could be the sweetest disease. Maybe he wouldn't mind being sick all his life if that means seeing your smile shine on his face everyday..

8. about ben's crush

He smiles as you turn to him, your beautiful silhouette lighten by the moon's light. He can distinguish your sleepy eyes and smile from here. Amused, he hands you silently his hand and you took it out of habit. Slowly bringing you back to your place between Beverly and Eddie, they automatically snuck back on your sides, like leeches. It makes you roll your eyes and Ben can't help but find it adorable.

Taking pride in your mouthed thanks, he goes back to his improvised bed and admired you from there, watching you falling asleep slowly and so beautifully. Did you know how many words and enchanting sentences you brought him? Probably not. You were his muse - even if you didn't know about it.

Every word he wrote, he wrote them for you. Every warmth in his chest at your gazes; every hugs arms around his chest - they're some of the reasons his heart melts and leads his hand to write his best poems. You fell on them sometimes when your curiosity toward his journal grew too big - and he didn't mind. You didn't know they were all about you. You didn't know about his feelings. Yet you still complimented them as if they were for you, sometimes tearing up at them. Maybe you were just acting to please him but it worked.

It was enough for him to see you smile at him and tell him everything is perfect. He believed every word you said. Even if you lied, he wouldn't care. Your smile and laughing eyes was enough for his heart to melt and pen to find new ways to pay tribute to your astonishing perfection.

So as his own eyes close, his mind wanders in the ghost of yours. Taking in every feeling and any pain you ever brought him, always the sweetest, he thinks of a new poem. He probably won't remember in the morning, but in this instant, in his perfect illusion of you and him in each other's embrace, the words weren't necessary to describe his inner peace - the song his heartbeat sang was one of love.

Author's Note:

you were so excited on tumblr about it that i decided

to do an ending for each losers - stay tuned! :D